GW
MAN'S favorite PASTIME
50 cents
VOL. 1 NO. 5
PASTIME PRESENTS
FLIRTING BRIDE
UNFORTUNATE LOVER
ADULTS ONLY
BOSOM & THE BONGO -- SPECIAL COLOR

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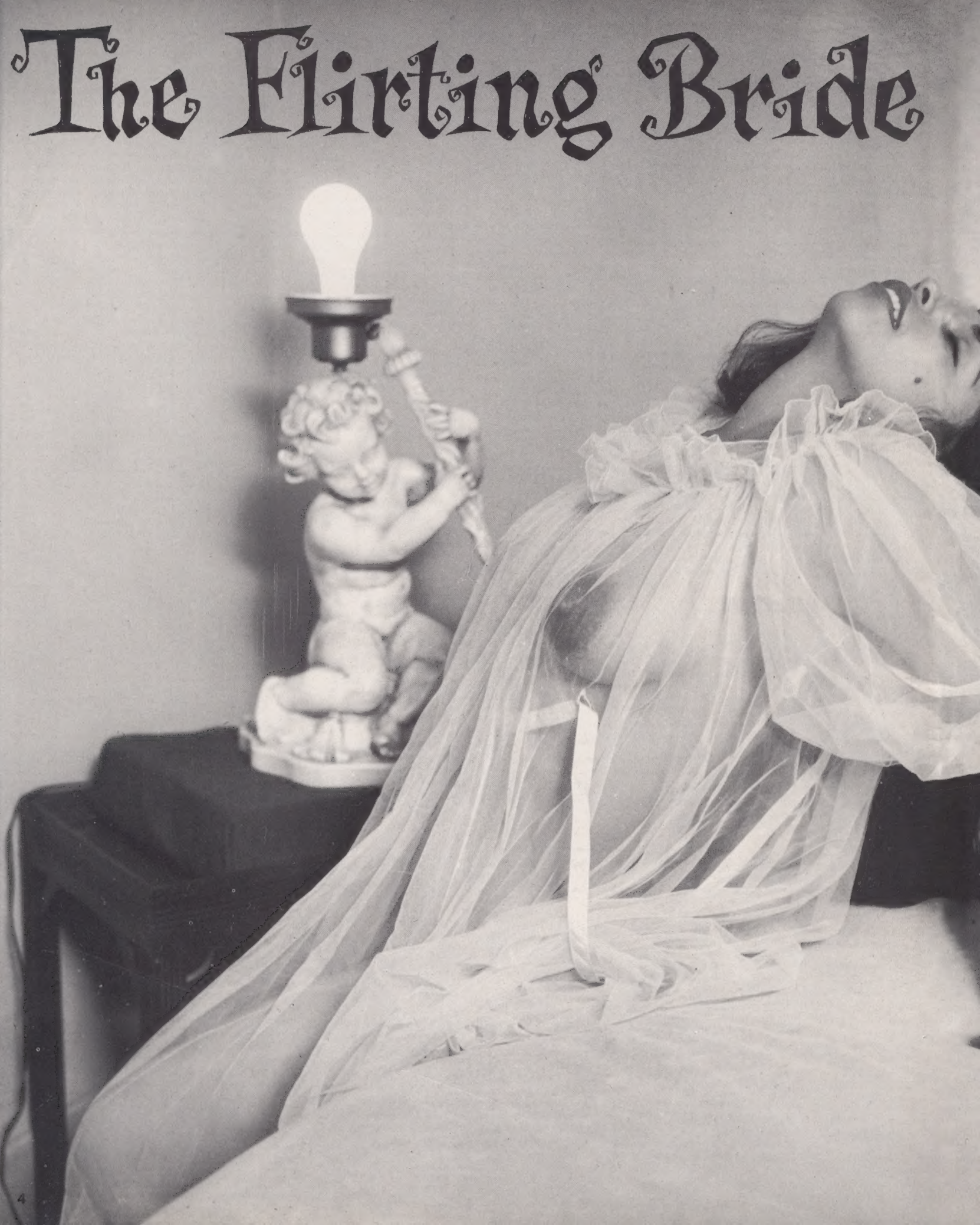
# The Flirting Bride



By ERIC DRAYTON

The first time I saw her my eyes bugged out and my heart skipped a beat. Secure in the possessive arms of her husband, her body adhesively hugged his long rhythmic form as they gyrated around the dance floor, while he whispered naughty recollections into her ear of their wedding night. She smiled sleepily and bit her lip, as if the remembrance was too much to bear and he, catching the familiar sign in her eyes, walked her from the floor toward the elevators.

Upon reaching their honeymoon suite they tore the clothes from each other in their haste to continue what they had been doing steadily for a week, taking time out only to eat and for an occasional dance in the lounge adjoining the bar.

After they left, I turned back to the bar and ordered another drink but it did nothing to erase the image of the beautiful girl who, while leaning closely against her husband on the way to their quarters, gave me the eye, heavy with passion and aflame with desire.

"Hold on," I said, remembering that the girl was on her honeymoon as was rumored around the hotel, and that the glint in her eye belonged to her husband. I told myself that I was mistaken; she had neither winked at me nor seen me. What I had rated as a suggestive interest in me was her happiness spilling over to include everyone in the lounge. I told myself this over and over but I couldn't convince myself because what I clearly remembered was how she had deliberately looked me up and down, ex-raying me below the belt with approval, while her lips suddenly ballooned at the command of a flicking, rapacious tongue.

I left the bar and stood watching the dancers but the floor suddenly seemed littered with dead bodies over which hovered the sensuous image of the flirting bride who would haunt me and taunt me until I possessed her. The questions of right versus wrong, of coveting another man's wife, went by the boards while I sought the privacy of my room to indulge in imaginary intimacy with the unfaithful bride. Knowing that she was somewhere in the hotel, perhaps at this very moment experiencing the culmination of coition, tormented me and flung me from the bed in anger as if I were an injured cuckold, awaiting the return of a lying, cheating wife.

Reasoning ceased to function and gave way to animal passion as I paced the floor, spilling my seed on the carpet. Blood hammered against my temples and filled me with resentment at being so badly used by life; for I was alone and unhappy, having remained unmarried since my return from the Korean War after receiving a "dear John" letter.

I threw myself on the bed and hugged the pillow, kissing imaginary eyes and breasts and navel, churning and threshing until I lay at the foot of the bed, spent and depleted, my face debauched and distorted by the empty victory of mind over matter.

The next day when I went into the bar she was sitting by herself musing over a drink, as if taking stock of her behavior and considering the consequences. She seemed even more beautiful now than when I first saw her and her hair, which I remembered as light, now shone as beaten gold and framed a face which can only be described as peaches and cream. She caught my eye as I walked to the bar but there was no sign of recognition as her eyes rested idly and unseeing upon my face which was flushed with anticipation.

All Photos Posed by Professional Models

Who was this strange beauty who, by a glance, gave herself to me last night and ignored me today? I decided not to let her get away with it! I ordered two drinks and took them to her table.

"Cheers," I said, holding up my glass. "And thanks for thinking of me last night."

"I don't know what you are talking about." Her eyes flashed angrily and she made a move to rise from her chair.

"Sit down and stop playing games." I pushed her back into the chair. Ever since Korea I didn't like games. I had not yet forgotten the "dear John" letter.

"Why are you making a sucker out of him?" I continued. Suddenly I felt indignation for the unknown groom who was the envy of every man in the hotel. "What gets into you dames?" I asked hotly, remembering the letter which caused me to throw caution to the winds and invite death in a fantastic display of heroism which got me a purple heart. "How do you get this way?"

It was a foolish question, especially from a man who had had some contact with Korean and Japanese women. Our women get that way because we let them get away with murder! We pamper them and spoil them and as a result find ourselves with the short end of the stick. Whereas, the women of the East reverse the order by pampering and spoiling us and thereby getting the best of the bargain. Because as they make us happy we in turn make them happy and give meaning to their lives.

Instead of defending herself, the long-legged witch sitting opposite me in the bar, swept me with her eyes, showing contempt not only for me alone but for all men. 'You deserve everything you get' the eyes seemed to say as they battled down what was next on the agenda. I was about to become realistically vulgar and ask her some personal

questions but her face suddenly saddened and her fawn-like eyes clouded over with pain. Sucker that I am I immediately became concerned and asked her what I could do to help.

"You're all alike," she said. "There isn't one good one among you."

"Touche! Maybe we weren't meant to be good . . . man or woman." I signalled the waiter to refill our glasses and told myself that she had married the guy on the rebound. Maybe she too had received a "dear Mabel" letter. If so, we were two of a kind and belonged together. It didn't take me long to point out the similarity of our positions and to convince her that we were made for each other.

Later, when she was lying beside me and I was feasting my eyes on the most perfect body I had ever seen, she said "yes" to everything. She made me forget Korea, the letter, the Oriental women, and even her husband somewhere in the hotel. She fit the many-angled contours of my body like my own skin and as we swayed to the dance of passion she agreed to become my wife.

I asked no questions because I didn't want to know how she would free herself from the man upstairs. I wanted to know nothing more than that she belonged to me now and forever more. And she took me at my word, telling me nothing.

It wasn't until much later that I learned the true situation: at the time we were pressing our bodies together, each trying to forget the agonies of unrequited love, her identical twin sister was lying in the arms of Erato two floors above us. She, trying to forget a broken romance and he, unaware that he had been trapped into marrying the wrong twin.

# Sharla Shane May Be Nude, But It's A Sort Of Bareness That Requires No Apologies!

# Nude, Crude Or Lewd?

This year, 1960, may eventually become known as the "Year Of The Great Bosom Purge" or "The Day They Outlawed Sex," if certain bluenose factions across the nation have their way.

In spite of the fact that study, painting and photographing of the female form for centuries has been considered an art form, there are those factions which are doing all in their power to do away with this right.

To date, they have been highly unsuccessful, since numerous judges have pointed to the Bill of Rights and pointed out to them the guarantees made to all citizens by the gents who had foresight enough to know that such bluenoses would eventually attempt to take it upon themselves to dictate just what the nation should read or view."

But the fight is far from over; these factions are only gaining a second breath and no doubt will come up with new charges aimed at baring the news stands of anything that even looks like a woman!

Which brings us to the subject: Is it crude or lewd to be nude?

If you belong to a sunbathing association — more popularly known as "nudist groups" — then it is considered healthful, invigorating and non-sexual. Someone offers the idea that nudists, when engaged in their sun-worshipping pastime, leave all of the so-called "base emotions" in the club locker room with their clothing. Yet, statistics will show that nudists spawn as many children as anyone . . . and it's doubtful as all hell that they go about it with their clothes on!

Taking the scientific approach to the matter, we went to Sharla Shane, a brunette, well-bosomed, fully-developed young thing, to get an objective view on the subject.

"Nudity?" she asked. "What's all the shouting about? Do these clowns think Adam and Eve had their wardrobe designed by Dior?"

The late Mister Dior — who may or may not have lived during the Garden of Eva area — is the man who apparently liked women so little that he insisted upon making them appear totally bustless . . . in fact, wanted them to resembles boys. And this sort of thing, can play hell with the attitude of an entire male population!)

"I think nudity is grand," this 21-year-old miss proclaimed loudly and longley. "In fact, I think it's the most natural thing in the world. You can make it a thing of beauty — or as these people are trying to do —you can drag it down in the gutter. It all depends upon the point of view."

Warming to her subject—and catching us up in the reflected heat, incidentally—Sharla went on to denounce the tribe of bluenoses as "those with a mad-on for the world.

"They are so unhappy with themselves that they have to see dirt whenever they look around them. Maybe a psychiatrist could give them a better idea of what is wrong with them. I can't. In fact, I don't think I even want to try. I don't want anthing to do with this type of person.

"After all," she added, "if they look at me with the idea that I'm nude or crude simply because it suits their twisted way of thinking, I'm going to suffer, too, eventually. I don't want to find myself thinking the same way they do. There is too much fun in living the way you want to without having some professional hyprocrite try to dictate terms."

To one of the Unknowing who might hear this young lady talking in such terms, this might be just cause for a shudder of revulsion and a croaking, "My Lord, another beatnik on the loose. One of them people that believes in free love, and all that sorta thing!"

This is not exactly true.

Sharla Shane is a believer in free thinking, and freedom of action—going nude about her apartment, on a secluded beach or in the privacy of her own backyard. She doesn't try to tell others what to think or wear; she doesn't want them trying to tell her. She feels this is a fair situation.

The matter of free love?

"That's a subject that I don't discuss with every clown who walks through the door," she declares with no sign of coyness. "That particularly includes reporters and magazine correspondence. I don't tell you how to love, and I don't ask you how you go about it, do I?"

This sort of thing, of course, can be considered a most backward attitude; and we're the first to feel that Miss Shane is backward in the free love department, at least.

In fact, if ever called before a Bluenose Committee for the Ruination of Sexual Enjoyment (or whatever they may choose to call themselves), we'll be most happy to report that Sharla Shane is a good, clean, healthy American girl who does not believe in free love at ten o'clock in the morning. That was precisely the hour that we made the suggestion and the hour at which she refused.

(She may have said something about coming back after lunch, but this may have been only wishful thinking on our part. At any rate, when we returned in midafternoon, Miss Shane was indisposed—taking a fully nude sunbath in her enclosed patio. At any rate, the idea of free love, if it had occurred to her, seemed to have waned!)

By now you are undoubtedly demanding to know how to young a lady can set herself up as an authority in this matter of whether nudity can be classed as either crudity or lewdity.

Simple: She comes from a long line of nudists. Her mother and father, in fact, met on a beach in Australia, when each thought he was alone. In spite of the blushings that covered them from head to foot, it was love at first sight—and after that, one thing led to another and eventually the marriage altar.

Needles to say, Sharla was an eventual product of that meeting.

As a result, she was brought up as a sun lover and taught that nudity is not something of which one should be ashamed. Instead, it is proper to revel in the beauty of the human figure, be it male or female.

And in the case of Sharla Shane there certainly is more than enough to revel about. This lush product of sun worship has dark hair, brown, warm eyes and a sun-browned figure.

Only 21, as stated, she has lived in Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Hawaii and the United States. She also adds that nudism is considered ethical in all of these countries except perhaps this one.

"In Japan the men and women even bathe together in the same huge community tub," she recalls, then giggles to add, "Wouldn't some of these people think that was just too, too horrible; something to be discussed only in whispers after the youngsters were in bed at night?"

# There's A Certain Charm, And Certainly No Harm In This Type Of Exposure!

And Sharla is definitely against all proposed laws, rulings or what have you that would impare her rights to remove her clothing.

After all, she contends, this is my apartment. If I see a man whom I'd like to know better and invite him up here for a drink or for dinner, I don't think anyone but myself has the right to say what I shall wear; how much, or how little.

"Let's face it, a man is not going to get very excited if all of the women are made to look as they are dressed in barrels of concrete," she declares, "and a girl certainly has the right and privilege of showing a man what she has to offer.

"After all," she demanded, "what else does she have to offer except the fact that she's a woman. Take that away from her, and she might as well be a man!"

But that, friends, is another facet that does not need investigating here. Simply be thankful that Miss Shane is not dressed in a barrel of cement and that she is not afraid of showing her measurements of 39-20-38.

And you'll have to agree, she does have a great deal to offer!

# New Reasons For The OLDest Game

By LEW LASON

But since the initial publication and acclaim of Kinsey's famed report, homosexuality has been given a cloak of pseudo respectability; in fact there are even several magazines to be found today on the majority of large news stands which deal with the problem as seen through the eyes and minds of those males who find the company of others of the same sex more inviting and exciting than women.

These magazines, of course, rarely show that it is a problem; instead, they point to statistics and studies — including Kinsey — to remind us that they are simply misunderstood.

As a result of Dr. Kinsey's published findings, some psychologists and psychiatrists tend to feel that the general discussion of the nation's morals that followed may well have led to even more flagrant — and prominent — violations of the social code . . . with those who make up society tending to look upon those same violations with more tolerance.

In other words, the general attitude, these scholars of the human mind contend, has become: "Well, Kinsey says it's going on all the time; it may not be right, but if everyone else's doing it, why not us?"

Whatever the reason, America has a new fad; the "exchange party," in which mates are exchanged with about as much effort and forethought as most of us give to changing a pair of sox!

Of course, it is not a permanent arrangement — only a convenience of the evening, but since Kinsey came out with his study and resultantly became the recognized authorities on America's sex habits, the custom has gained impetus in small towns as well as in the cities, where moral laxity supposedly is more widespread.

Wife trading today is a recognized party custom — as much so as martinis — in many social circles. And with the speed of its increase in popularity from the square dancing groups to the sophisticated country club set, social workers and investigators are expressing open fear that there is no way of telling where — or whether — it will ever end.

What's the reason behind all of this partner trading? What gives it the veneer of tarnished respectability?

Again, there are those authorities who are wont to blame Kinsey and the other researchers who followed. They say that the investigators were so completely frank about sex and the sex act, taking away the mystery and secrecy, laying facts out for inspection like so many perch at a fish market, that we have assumed the same attitude toward it.

These days, party jokes no longer are told among the men behind closed doors. They are shared in all their ribaldry by wives and girl friends as well. Everything is strictly open and above board.

It is no longer necessary to hold within yourself wistful longings for the wife of your best friend. It wouldn't be "modern" to hold an urge like that inside of you, brooding over it in secrecy.

Instead of suppressing such inner desires, you simply offer to trade; that's the sporting thing to do, isn't it?

Of course, it isn't accomplished quite that boldly; the offer is one of those things that has to be built up — your friend must become acclimatized to the idea. It may even be necessary for you to lend him your own personal copy of the **Kinsey Report** or the more recent novel, **The Chapman Report.**

Once he has digested these volumes and reached the full realization that he's a prude if he tries to hoard his wife for himself, you can then approach him about becoming a full-fledged member of the clique — a "young modern."

Needless to say, if the shoe is on the other guy's foot and he wants to try your wife for passion, you are expected to be a sportsman about the whole thing and give him the Go signal. After all, a trade is only fair and it is "modern," isn't it?

Some families are able to live on this sexual merry-go-round and merely shrug it off; that's the "modern way," too.

One young man of our acquaintance — a suburbanite who had joined the local wife trading circle after being brain washed, was able to be philosophical about the whole matter, declaring: "After all, you never really know how much better off you are at home until you've found out how poorly the rest of the guys made out in the marriage market. The rest of the guys and gals probably feel the same way, too."

But that isn't the way it usually works out. Sex and philosophy seldom go hand in hand; most persons are not emotionally equipped to be philosophical on so important a subject. Other qualities such as passion, jealousies, temper keep getting in the way.

Check the divorce statistics among these so-called "free thinking modernists" and you'll invariably find that these are the ones who have gotten into a squirrel cage of sensualism from which they find it impossible to escape.

And the trouble is that the late and lamented Dr. Kinsey, once honored for taking sex and its secrets out of the Dark Ages, now is taking much of the blame for the loose morality, the broken homes and the shattered emotions.

More than likely, were he alive today, it would be this sociologist who would shrug away the blame and point out that people have been looking for an excuse for centuries to sow their wild oats in public; he has only given them inadvertently that reason and reasoning, whether he meant to or not!

In the nearly twenty years since the late Dr. Kinsey conducted his research on the morals and mores of the American male — and subsequently, the female — there have been changes that would have sent the good doctor scuttling back to his college campus in Indiana, there to surround himself with popular fiction and forget the whole thing.

Yet, Kinsey — while unable to defend himself from the grave — mut take part of the credit for the current situation in moral standards. There is nothing like advertising and publicity to bring public acceptance to any product — and sex is no exception. The spotlight which the so-called Kinsey Report focused on sex — legal and otherwise — made it a national interest.

In his studies, the famed researcher pointed out that there was (during the period of study) a high percentage of homosexuality, or at least homosexual experience, among American males. Either they had been trapped into an "affair" with another male at an early age and had been trying to live it down within the conscience ever since, or they found themselves jaded by the search for sexual satisfaction and had turned to these unlikely partners who were equally as love starved as themselves.

There were other reasons, of course, according to the doctor's findings, but these were among the more prominent.

# MACK THE WIFE . . . ?

***Why Should***

***This Lovely***

***Ruin It All***

***With Matrimony?***

# *She Wants To Be An Actress, But Posing In The Nude Is Legal And Pays The Rent!*

Starting, scintillating Jeannie Mack once was jokingly titled "Mack the Wife" by a Hollywood columnist, who was taking full advantage of a rebirth of an old song and the fact that his imagination was working overtime . . . or he was getting lousy tips!

The redhead promptly called the mentioned pillarist and read him the riot act, stating that she was not married, had no intention of getting married and threatened to sue him for libel, slander and whatever else seemed to fit the occasion!

A retraction promptly appeared in the next issue in bold-face type slightly larger—and bolder than this that you're reading!

This, of course, led to all kinds of speculations among that Hollywood set which has nothing better to do with its time than to speculate.

"Jeannie's afraid of men," was one opinion that was given some consideration.

"Jeannie just doesn't like columnists," some other speculator declared.

"This columnist in particular," was the agreement of still another worthy.

"Jeannie was just looking for publicity," still another insisted.

"She wanted publicity and this was her way of getting it," was a popular opinion among those who know that publicity is the lifeblood of Hollywood and its myraid of hangers-on.

And so it went; speculation upon speculation, reason upon reason . . . each unproven and untested.

Feeling that there indeed must be some true reason why so lovely a creature would resent seeing her name in so widely read a column, we decided to go to the source.

We found the lissome lady in her apartment on the outskirts of Hollywood, where she was busy with a posing session for a figure photographer. She was in the total nude when she answered the door, but did have the presence of mind to hide behind the panel until she was assured we were not a columnist trying to prove he had been right all along.

"As you can see," she declared after we had been let in and introduced to the photographer, "I'm too busy to get married. Besides, how many husbands do you know who would want thehir wives posing in the nude and those pictures appearing in magazines like yours?"

She had a point there and we had to concede a minor victory for her side.

"Do you enjoy taking off your clothes for photographers?" we asked, ignoring the man behind the lens.

"Can you show me an easier way to pay the rent?" she asked tartly. Before we could offer the first suggestion that came to mind, she ammended, "A way that's legal, that is?"

We were forced to admit we could not . . . not that was legal, as she demanded, at least.

"But why all this trouble about 'Mack the Wife'?" we wanted to know, getting our mind back on our readers and the editor's instructions to enlighten them on this strange problem.

She waited until the phohtographer had clicked his shutter for the final time, then started to fold up his gear before she settled down on a sofa draped her amazing form with a hopi coat and began to talk in frank, off-the-record tones.

"I'm a model," she said simply. "I studied to be an actress, but so far I haven't made it.

"I'm in demand by magazines like you and I plan to make the most of it while I can. How many men do you think would be interested in leafing through a magazine that was filled with pictures of girls they know are married?" she wanted to know.

"It would depend upon the girl," was our reply, "and just how married she might be." After all, there are married models, we have learned, but most of them keep it a darker secret than the Yalta Conference!

"But when I get married," she declared, "I don't want to have to keep it a secret. That'll be the day that I lock the door to photographers—unless, of course, they want me to pose for advertising shots, high fashion or something like that."

We didn't have the heart to tell little Jeannie that she just isn't the type for high fashion modeling. All of those broads look about as sexy as a newly caught halibut and are roughly as cold blooded. It takes a special type of personality, and Jeannie just doesn't have it!

Instead, she is far too fiery and emotional to get by in such a league. Her red hair, green-grey eyes and pixie-titled nose are enough to send the average fashion designer screaming to his drawing board, hiding from her presence. The object, it seems, in wearing fashions either in live modeling or for pictures is to display the clothing and not the body.

With this nymph's startling statistics of 37-20-36, this would be an utter impossibility. It would be like trying to hide an elephant in the hall closet . . . not that Miss Mack has any similarity to an elephant except possibly in the memory department.

This doll-like creature does have a remarkable memory for recalling persons, places and incidents that have affected her career.

All of the students with whom she attended Hollywood Professional School (a school for blooming young actor and actress types) still are her friends. "They're in show business," she explains, "and they understand me."

This creature of nature seldom allows her personal life and her professional life to become confused.

By that, we mean that she doesn't take off her clothing for her friends just for the fun of it. In fact, the scintillating Miss Mack has quite a reputation as a lady in that circle she calls her intimates. She doesn't even discuss the modeling business with them.

And she doesn't discuss the possibility of becoming a wife, either. That's one of the things she considers her personal secret . . . When, whom, where—even why.

But if she ever gets around to fulfilling the role of Mack the Wife, we'll let you know and promptly break your heart.

We're with our readers; we also think it would be a shame for so lovely an example of womanhood to ruin it all with a state of matrimony!

There were mice in the basement, so the young married couple decided to set out traps. One trap was placed by a box of apples, while the other was put by a box of nuts.

After the traps had been set, the man and his wife went up to bed. They had just turned out the lights when a loud "Snap" was heard from the direction of the basement. The man leaped out of bed and ran downstairs to see his catch. His wife followed as far as the top of the basement stairs, where she stopped and called down:

"Did you catch him by the apples, Darling?"

The answer from the basement was: "No, Dear."

A blonde and a brunette met downtown for lunch soon after the blonde returned from her honeymoon. "Weren't you taking an awful chance in telling your husband all about your past mistakes on the day you married him?" asked the friend.

"I'll say I was," admitted the blonde. "Some of them almost sobered him up.

The stenographer was transferred to the New York office of a big advertising agency. "You'll have the same type of work here as you had in our Los Angeles office," her supervisor told her.

"Okay," she said. "Kiss me and let's get started."

A tourist checked into a San Francisco hotel. After he unpacked he phoned room service with the following request: "Please send up a pole, a violin and a blonde."

The surprised bell captain asked the purpose of this unusual order and was told:

"Well I don't know yet if I'm going to whittle, fiddle or diddle."

A pretty, young stenographer was walking in the park late one evening when she heard a croaking voice in the grass urging her to stop.

"Young lady," pleaded the voice, which the girl soon noted came from a big green frog sitting on the grass, "young lady please listen to me. A bad witch put a hex on me. I'm really a handsome prince and only if a beautiful girl takes me to her home and makes love to me will I ever return to my human shape."

The girl had pity on the poor creature and took it home, and right into bed with her. And as the frog predicted, he turned into a handsome, young prince . . . That ends our story except for a very sad footnote. When the girl's mother came into the bedroom the following morning and saw her daughter in bed with the young man, and after the girl related the story about the frog, the mother, for some strange reason, just refused to believe it.

Little Willie wrote on the blackboard: "Willie is a passionate devil."

The teacher was disturbed and made him stay after school. When Willie got out of school that night his friends swarmed all over him to hear what punishment he had received from the teacher.

"I ain't saying nothing," Willie said, "except that it sure pays to advertise!"

The minister was preaching his Sunday sermon. "Before you can go to heaven," he thundered, "you have got to kill the three dogs. They is the dog of malice, the dog of greed, and the dog of sex. Brothers, I done killed the dog of malice. I done killed the dog of greed, and I done killed the dog of sex, and I is gonna go to Heaven!"

"Reverend," shouted a voice from the back of the room, "are you sure that last dog didn't die a natural death?"

• •

The gossip columnist telephoned the movie star. "Is it true," she asked, "that you are divorcing your fifth husband?"

"Don't be silly," giggled the star. "Why should I divorce him? I barely know the man!"

THE
CABANA
CAPER!!

By ERNIE JANUS

In Camelot, search as you will, you won't find King Arthur's Round Table. The fact of the matter is, that once you're there, the only thing round that's likely to catch your attention is the ample roundness Mother Nature has so kindly bestowed upon so many of the eager Bikini-clad females swarming there. On Camelot Beach can be found talent from every walk of life in every size and shape. My first tour of the beach presented so many rife possibilities that I couldn't help feeling like a glutton at a free smorgasbord. My tight sunglasses were the only reason my eyeballs didn't leap from my burning skull and become lost forever in that white sand beneath those lovely scampering feet.

If you've been unlucky enough never to have been there, let me note here that the Camelot of which I speak is not the legendary Arthurian court but the carefree summer resort town on the Island of St. Kate twenty odd miles off the Southern California mainland. Any erring knight or distressed damsel can make it to Camelot on the big white steamer or any of the amphibian services flying into Camelot Bay. And let it be said that the wandering pilgrim will not find the journey a vain quest.

So much for the chamber of commerce!

For better, though sometimes worse, my name is Fenwick Snead. I'm a presentable but not exceptional looking young man of twenty-five. Since attaining the age of reason, which not strangely coincides with my discharge from the army four years ago, I have attempted to maintain a life of high moral standard. By efforts of high scruple I have fanatically avoided work at almost any cost and have concentrated all my powers upon the verities of play and the good life. Finding myself without funds, however, it becomes expedient at times to fracture my scruples. And so it was that I found myself, upon the glowing advice of a friend, taking a summer job as a special cop in the Camelot Cabanas.

For rent to weekend and summer tourists the Camelot Cabanas are a couple hundred brightly painted rabbit-hutch-like cabins surrounded by a stockade. From early June to mid-September they are the scene of one of the longest sustained blasts I have ever known.

From two in the afternoon until eleven at night my job was to protect property, maintain a semblance of peace, order, and propriety, and to never call in the city cops on any disturbance short of murder. In my polished boots and tan ranger-like uniform I must admit that I looked quite official. I was respectfully addressed by the Cabana partymakers as "Renfrew", cowboy", "sheriff", "Tex", "the Mountie", "hey, ranger" (or was it "hay ranger"?), and many other salty names which depended wholly upon the circumstances in which I was encountered.

Despite the job my first month at Camelot showed a considerable return to scruple. Though not even par for the Camelot course I was again put upon the path to the good life by a typist, a model, two secretaries, a coed, three incognito wives-at-large, and a school teacher. This life would have extended itself ad infinitum if true romance hadn't, if you'll pardon the expression, waylaid me. But I'm preceding my story a bit.

The story rightly begins the day I met Jules. I had just finished subduing a citizen who had taken too large an initial dosage of Camelot life. The man was sauntering down a row of cabins with a highball in his hand and nodding at the girls that stood and sat in the shade of their doorways. Everything would have been quite usual if it weren't for the fact that the man was wearing only his birthday suit, a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, and a leer. After returning the man wrapped in a blanket to his cabin, I wandered along musing to myself about control and protocol in Camelot. It was at this time that I met Jules.

"Psst," a quiet voice stopped me. "Psst, hey ranger!" the man in the door beckoned to me. "C'mere a minute."

I went over and the man introduced himself by flashing an impressive badge and handing me a sheaf of credentials that identified him as Jules Fairmont Snitwell a a private investigator working for the Ferret Confidential Private Detective Service of America.

"Glad to meet you," I said impressed. Impressed is really too puny a word. You would have to see him to believe him. He was a runt-sized caricature of something out of a Dashiell Hammet or Raymond Chandler mystery story. Here was this little guy with sandy hair and a weasel-like resemblance to Richard Widmark dressed in a double-breasted . . . . I swear it! . . . a double-breasted gray sharkskin suit, black shirt with yellow tie, black scuffed shoes, and a snap-brim hat. I won-

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dered to myself where he kept his trenchcoat.

Speaking without moving his lips he told me that he was on an important case and would appreciate any cooperation I could give him. When I told him that I would be glad to cooperate within the rules of the Cabanas, he seemed to hesitate in objection and then almost cracking his face in a phony smile he said, "C'mon in for a minute. I have something to show you."

"Okay," I said, "but only for a minute. No other man on duty."

"Only a minute," he promised.

Closing his door he drew a large brown envelope from a briefcase on the bed. "Here," he said extracting a glamour shot of a blonde girl in a bathing suit, "ever see her before?"

I looked at the picture. The girl was a perverse combination of angelic child's face and ripe voluptuous woman's body. From the slightly dark roots of her lovely blonde hair to the painted toenails of her delicate foot the girl spelled out "SEX" in bold letters. In her presence any reasonably cognizant male would become a gluping red-faced idiot. Below her round high breasts on the left was an almost perfect star-shaped mole.

"Ever see her before?" he asked. I was still staring at the mole. "Well?" he said.

"Yeah," I finally answered. "She's staying here in the Cabanas."

"Right!" he answered. "Lives four cabins down on the other side," he said jerking his thumb in the direction of the place, "Cabin 718." He looked at me. "Name's Nancy Cone."

I nodded waiting for more.

"Can you keep what I tell you to yourself?" he asked confidentially.

"S'help me, mountie's honor," I swore, raising my hand.

His shifty eyes scrutinized me closely, then he nodded his head slowly. "Okay, here it is," he said. "Seems this chick is gonna get married to this rich old goat in a couple of weeks, and the guy's best friend has been trying to convince him that she's a tramp and just after his loot. Well, the old buzzard won't buy it, so this friend is out to prove it. Get it? That's where I come in."

I nodded dumbly before this welter of melodramatic information.

"So you see," he continued, "I'm here to get the goods on her."

"But what happens," I added, "if she stays in line?"

He looked at me as if the thought had never crossed his mind. "Buddy, that's not my department," he said. Then, as if it were some profound statement he added, "But what the hell is she doing here if she's not out for a ball?"

He had a point. I nodded.

"Right?" he queried.

"Right!" I answered.

He winked slyly.

Later as I ate dinner at the snack bar Nancy Cone picked up her key at the office. As I watched her retreating up the lane toward her cabin I couldn't help becoming angry at the thought that that little weasel Jules would be watching her every move.

I passed her cabin a little later. The lights were on and her radio was playing. Down at number 711 the lights were off but I knew Jules was peering out from behind the Venetian blind. I looked around, then knocked.

"See her?" he asked closing the door.

"Yeah, came up a few minutes ago," I said.

"Nobody with her," he added disappointedly. "Well, the night's

young."

Jules hadn't been out for lunch or dinner and was hungry. I suggested that he get something to eat at the Cabana snack bar.

"Listen," I said, "she can't leave the area without going by you down there, and I can keep a lookout here and fill you in if anything happens."

He seemed hesitant at first, then he nodded. "Right," he said and headed for the door.

In a half-hour he was back and there were no new developments. Later Jules shadowed Nancy to the movies, from the movies to a hamburger stand, and from the hamburger stand back to the Cabanas.

Jules confided to me that he was hired to follow the girl for a week and submit a report on all her activities. For every night of that week I relieved his vigil at the dinner hour. He even came to expect the break.

Near the end of the assignment Jules told me in an agravated tone that no goods were forthcoming. "She hasn't stepped out of line an inch," he whinned. He shook his head is disbelief. "Unnatural," he said.

"Supernatural," I added conjuring up a picture of the girl.

"My client isn't going to be happy," he said humorlessly. "This chick fluffs-off every pass. She lies on the beach, swims, eats out, goes to the movies, buys an occasional drink, and then, bam! back to the pad alone." He looked defeated. "I just can't understand."

It was only on the last night that the case reached a climax. Jules had just come back from his ritual dinner at the snackbar. I was about to leave when a man with a bottle of bourbon, some mix, and a bucket of ice stopped and knocked on 718. The door opened slowly and the man went inside.

Jules got excited. "See that?" he said.

"Yeah," I said letting his excitement infect me.

Jules was ecstatic. He rubbed his hands together. "Buddy, it's been a long wait," he chimed, then he bent down and feverishly rummaged through his gear until he fished out a press camera, some plate film, and some flash bulbs.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"The goods," he chuckled, "I'm gonna get the goods."

"But the camera?" I said. "Wern't

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By GREG T. JONES

"What is a woman to do when her own husband doesn't make love to her?" asked Patricia Lyons.

Judge Dodge looked with admiration at the beautiful woman with auburn hair, sitting opposite him at the desk in his chambers.

"How could any man not make love to this woman," he thought. Aloud he asked, "Didn't your husband ever make love to you?"

"He would if I was the aggressor," she replied. "That is if I would crawl in bed beside him, he would perform his husbandly duties. But it was just that. Now we even have separate bed rooms."

"Richard Lyons writes torrid love scenes in his books!" the Judge exclaimed.

"I know," Patricia agreed with a sigh, "but in real life Richard has quite another idea about intercourse between a man and a woman. He claims that sex is as necessary to humans as food and drink. I assure you that his love making is exactly that way. And he claims that the sex urge can be directed into creative channels. His goes into the writing of his books. Not much of it goes in my direction, I assure you."

Judge Dodge was silent for a few moments observing the woman in front of him. Surely she did not impress him as a woman unloved. Nervous under his glance, Patricia opened her hand bage, took a cigarette out of a lovely jeweled case and lit it.

"Hope you don't mind if I smoke?" she asked.

"Go right ahead," the Judge replied. "You know your husband does not want a divorce. But if you insist he will not contest it."

"That's just like Richard," Patricia replied and tears came to the surface of her eyes. "Always kind and unselfish."

"Except in sex?" the Judge asked and before she could answer he continued, "Maybe it's his age. But you knew he was years older than you, when you married him."

Patricia shook her head. "We've been married nine years and sex has never been important to him in our marriage from the first. No, Judge Dodge, it isn't age—look at Charles Chaplin, he's seventy-one and he's still going strong."

At this comparison, Judge Dodge could not help smiling. "Do you mind if I ask if there is somebody else?"

She did not answer for a few moments, just nervously clasped and unclasped her hands.

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to," Judge Dodge reminded her patiently.

"There is someone," Patricia finally admitted. "David Curtis, he came to work for Richard four years ago as his secretary. Now he's in line for a vice presidency with a top advertising agency."

"That's a big climb in four years."

"Richard used to say he's 'an eager beaver'." Both of us did everything we could to help him—you know, introduce him to the right people" - - - she stopped talking and stared into space for a few moments then added, "David and I intend to marry."

"Does your husband know about your affair with this young man?"

"I hope not and I'm sure no one else does. We've been very discreet," Patricia stammered. "I really don't want

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to hurt Richard. He's good and kind—but—but he's like a father."

"I'm sure he has no idea you feel that way about him. He adores you. Mrs. Lyons, your husband is a famous author and with him you have a fine life. You travel, meet interesting people—you're in the lime light. By the way, I saw you both on the television show, 'Person to Person'. You sure gave the public the impression that you were a very happy couple. Why don't you reconsider this divorce? You yourself admit that he is extremely kind to you, and you now live in luxury. You should weigh all this carefully before you give it up. Won't you frankly discuss your difficulties with your husband before you make a final decision?"

"Yes, I will, Judge Dodge. I'm meeting him for cocktails as soon as I leave here. You've been very kind and understanding. But I still want a divorce." With this remark she went to the door, opened it and left.

Patricia found Richard waiting at their usual cocktail lounge, where he had already ordered her favorite cocktail, a grasshopper. He waited until she drank half of it before he spoke.

"I hope Judge Dodge changed your mind about the divorce," he said hopefully.

Without looking at him, Patricia shook her head.

"I'm sorry. When are you going to file suit?" Richard asked.

"Right away. I hope that is all right with you?"

Richard picked up a newspaper from the chair beside him. "Our boy David made the grade okay. Here is an announcement of his appointment to vice-presidency with the advertising company, Lain, Lance and Long," he said passing her the newspaper.

As Patricia read the announcement, her heart was racing, for this is what she and David had been working towards. This achievement cleared the way for their marriage.

Richard watching her closely said, "Your friend Lucille Richards also got herself some publicity on the next page."

"That's nothing unusual, Patricia replied as she turned the page of the newspaper. "Lucille's a movie star and she's always good copy."

However, when she looked at the page she could not believe her eyes. For there was a picture of Lucille and David with a news story saying they had taken out a marriage license. She felt frozen in her seat but realizing that Richard was watching her she made an attempt to act natural and resumed sipping her cocktail.

"That was quite a surprise, wasn't it?" Richard commented, "Or did you know Lucille and David were that close?"

"I knew they were fond of each other," she lied, then quickly finished her cocktail. Then she asked, "Richard, do you mind if I run along? I'd like to see Lucille and hear all the details. You know—woman stuff."

UNFORTUNATE LOVER

"Go ahead, I understand. It is quite a surprise isn't it?" he asked putting his hand over hers. "Patricia, please stay with me?"

"We'll talk tonight," she agreed and not wanting to indulge in any more conversation, got up from the table and walked to the door.

Richard watching her go, wondered if other men noticed that her buttocks moved in rhythm.

Patricia went directly to David's apartment and using her key let herself in. She started to call but hearing the shower running decided to wait until David came out of the bathroom. And while she waited her anger grew more intense. Suddenly, David in the nude walked out of her bathroom. Shocked at seeing her he exclaimed, "Why, Pat," and ducked back into the bathroom to put on a robe. When he returned without saying a word he took her in his arms and kissed her anger away. He fondled her breasts then after a while his hands slowly caressed her body until they reached her pelvis.

"We can't make love with your clothes on," he whispered, then started to unfasten her dress.

Patricia as though hypnotized, permitted him to strip her to the nude and then carry her to the bed. When he made love to her, it was as though he was a part of her and she unconsciously clung to him desperately. Finally David completely exhausted pulled away and laid down beside her. He lit two cigarettes and put one between Patricia's lips. For a while they smoked in silence but inevitably the horrible question had to be asked.

"What's this gag about you and Lucille getting married," Patricia asked trying to keep her voice steady.

"It's no gag. We're getting married tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!"

Patricia sat up on the bed and stared unbelievingly at David. "But I'm divorcing Richard so I can marry you."

"It wouldn't work, Patricia."

"It's worked for years," she said with a sob.

"My new contract with the advertising agency has a strong moral clause. It's instant dismissal if I'm mixed up in a scandal."

"But Richard won't contest the divorce," she protested, "And he doesn't know anything about us. I love you, David, I just won't let you do this to me."

"Patricia, you don't know Richard, as I do," he said as he took the butt of the cigarette out of her fingers and put it in the ash tray. "To you he's kind and gentle but I've seen him wrangle with a publisher. Believe me he's a man of steel. No matter what he may say, he'll use any means to keep you. He adores you, Patricia."

She sat thinking this over for a few moments then asked, "Does Lucille know anything about me?"

"Of ocurse not. Do you think I am a fool. Besides this thing between us only developed in the last few weeks."

Pat gave a little laugh. "A vice presidency in a big advertising agency plus a famous movie star for a wife. You've got it made."

"Yes, Pat," David replied complacently, "I've got it made."

"Where do I fit in?" she asked a little plaintively.

"You're a married woman, with whom I've had a charming affair."

Stung by this retort, Patricia got off the bed and swiftly put on her clothes, while David undisturbed lit another cigarette and watched her. When she was dressed she crossed to the bed, slapped David a stinging blow on the face, then left.

In the bedroom of her beautiful Beverly Hills home, Patricia, dressed in lounging pajamas, paced the floor. The ringing of the telephone startled her. Her heart gave a jump. "Maybe David has changed his mind," she thought happily. However, upon answering she was dismayed to hear the voice of Lucille Richards.

"I've been trying to get you all day," Lucille said. "Have you heard the wonderful news about David and me—honey, will you be my maid of honor?"

Patricia's throat went dry and she had to wet her lips with her tongue before she could speak, then all she could ask was, "When and where?"

"Tomorrow at City Hall," Lucille replied. "Two o'clock. I didn't want a big wedding."

"I understand," Patricia replied, "Be seeing you—Bye," and hung up before Lucille could reply.

She then stood with her hands pressed against her forehead, as though it would help get her addled thoughts under control. She knew that Lucille did not know anything about her affair with David. But why had she fallen for David! Probably for the same reasons that had drawn her to him. David could be plenty irresistible, when he wanted to be charming. For a few minutes she toyed with the idea of calling Lucille and telling her about her affair with David. But what would it accomplish besides hurting Lucille—nothing? She smiled as she thought of the first time she had met David. He had come to be interviewed in regard to the position of Richard's secretary. Even then he had shown that he was ambitious. This was the real reason Richard had hired him because he knew that he would work. She thought of the first time she and David had been lovers. She had gone to see his new apartment. Here David had taken her in his arms and told her that he wanted her. Being starved for love she had been easily persuaded. So David, quick to take advantage, had lost no time in taking off their clothes but had merely put

Patricia on the couch, raised up her skirt, removed her panties and laid her.

At first she had felt cheap. However, she really had fallen in love with David, so the first affair had been constantly repeated for three and a half years. And during that time, Patricia had helped David with his career, seeing that he met the right people and was seen at the right parties. She had even persuaded Richard, after David had been working for him a year, to get him a job with an advertising agency, so that that he would have a chance for a career. From then on with Patricia's help David had advanced rapidly until now he had the vice presidency with one of the biggest ad agencies. Yes, David had made good use of her. She sat at her desk and started to write a letter.

The next afternoon at city hall, David surrounded by reporters and camera men nervously waited for Lucille.

"Where is Miss Richards?" one reporter asked.

Before David could answer Lucille came hurrying up to them.

"David, I can't get any answer at Patricia's house," she said.

Maybe she got tied up in traffic," David replied. Secretly he was relieved that Patricia had not shown up, for he had been afraid she would create a scene to stop the marriage. Aloud he said, "We're fifteen minutes late now so we'd better go to the Justice of Peace. I'm sure this lady reporter will act as your maid of honor."

"Be glad to," the girl replied.

To David even though the ceremony was short, it was a nightmare for any moment he expected Patricia to come in. So when the Justice of Peace said, "I pronounce you man and wife," he took out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with great relief.

After the ceremony they drove to David's apartment. Arriving there he was struck with a horrible thought, "Patricia had the key to his apartment, supposing she was waiting there." He became so nervous that he could not fit the key into the key hole.

Lucille seeing this laughed and said, "My you're a nervous bridegroom." She then took the key from him and opened the door. Immediately David pushed past her into the apartment. To his relief Patricia was nowhere in sight. Lucille looked after him a bit perplexed then said, "Don't you believe in carrying the bride over the threshold?"

"My darling, forgive me," he exclaimed as he picked her up, carried her into the apartment and put her on the couch. Then he kissed her neck, ears and finally her lips with passion. He fondled her breasts and tried to unfasten her dress.

"Hold on, darling," Lucille said a little breathlessly, "What's the rush? After all we've got a lifetime together. Hurry and pack your bag. Remember we only have two days for a honeymoon."

David reluctantly released her. Lucille getting up noticed a telegram had been slipped under the door. Picking it up she gave it to David who tossed it onto his desk. "Time for telegrams after our honeymoon," he said. He then went into the bedroom to pack.

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THE BOSOM AND THE BONGO
Who Cares About Music With Cathy On The Loose?

Any similarity between a bongo drum and incredulous Cathi Carter could only be in the mind of one who is totally devoid of knowledge concerning the gender of bongos.

To start with, a drum of this type was dreamed up deep in the jungles of Africa, given a degree of improvement in the Carribean islands, and finally brought to the United States to be played on dark nights in dark cellars by the lunatic fringe.

Cathi Carter is French and Irish and has been in this country for all of her twenty-three years. She's never been in a jungle, never been to the Carribean, was born in Brooklyn, and didn't need any improvement when she crossed the river to Manhattan Island. She does not like dark cellars, but she does like to play the bongos.

The bongo is made of closely fitted strips of wood welded together to form the barrel of the instrument! across the top is stretched a tight piece of hide, which can be adjusted for tone and quality.

Cathi Carter is composed of flesh and blood and is well formed any way you want to look at it, man; she doesn't need any close fitting or any welding of any kind. As for her hide being stretched tight, we just can't say that's true. It seems to have plenty of give in just the right places!

As for being adjustable for tone and quality? Ha! She's adjutable alright, but it's strictly a mental thing and has nothing to do with her measurements of 40-22-37 . . . besides, who could possibly be stupid enough to want to make any kind of increase or decrease in the quality of what already is there for the admiring?

While it may seem that Miss Carter has gone a bit native over this music thing, it isn't true at all. She is a secretary in a mid-Manhattan importing firm. What do they import? Bongos! What else?

Alone in the office one day, she was visited by a customer who was looking for his carload of drums; being the only one on hand, and following the old adage that the customer is always right, Cathi led the man into the warehouse. We're not prepared to relate what happened in the confines of the storage rooms, since Cathi refuses to talk about it, but we do know she's been smitten with bongo music ever since.

While the rapid beat of the bongo may sound like a lot of tub-thumping to the unitiated, Cathi insists this is the true language of love . . . that the drums can talk among lovers . . . but she refuses to tell what they say! So, to keep this epistle from sounding like a lecture from Carnegie Hall, we'd better get back to the fabulous Ciss Carter, if anyone cares to discuss her back, that is.

An auburn-haired, blue-eyed hunk of lush femininity, she finally bought one of the jungle drums (wholesale) and moved it into her Manhattan apartment, where she drives the neighbors off to the nearest movie, when she settles down to beat out a little rhythm of tropical or topical love.

Of course, the males in the place would probably pack their wives off to the theater and stick around if they knew just a little more about these solo performances: Cathi conducts them in the nude!

"It isn't strange," she declares on a defensive not. "This is simply my way of finding relaxation.

"I come home after a hard day in the warehouse, slip off my clothing and settle under a warm shower for half an hour. Then I fix myself a drink and break out the drums.

"You'd be simply surprised what the rolling echo bouncing off the walls of an uptown apartment can do to relieve the tensions of this thing they call the business world!"

# Plans For Seduction

By DAN ROSCOE

Archie Bonden had seen her only once, for a fleeting moment, but he knew he had to have her. It was the fire that consumed him, ate at his moral fibers, until nothing else mattered.

The fact that she ran a call service was of little consequence to him; he had learned that during that brief span of time in which he had seen her at the **Teaser Club.** He had been sitting at the bar, when she had come in, gowned in a high-necked, tight-fitting something in magenta-colored silk. She had stood there, one foot a few inches ahead of the other, unconsciously posing, as she had cast her brown-eyed gaze over the room. She had tossed the lovely mop of blonde curls impatiently, then had turned, the fur hanging carelessly over her arm almost trailing the floor, moving gracefully, with a practiced sensuousness, toward the door.

The maitre'd had spoken to her, smiling, but she had shaken her head, then disappeared into the neon night beyond the heavy oak panel.

Archie, wearing a slight edge of alcohol, had asked Danny Segundo, the bartender about her, and Danny had shaken his head.

"You don't want nothin' to do with her," he had declared softly. "She's trouble."

"But you're wrong. I do want something to do with her," had been the grand reply. "In fact, I want a great deal to do with her."

"I hope you like cops, too," he replied resignedly. "They seem to have a lot to do with her, too."

"You mean she's a call girl?" Archie was horrified, but nonetheless intrigued. This turn took some of the mystery out of his planned seduction. In fact, he wondered silently, how did you seduce a call girl? Could you call a business arrangement a seduction? Hardly. It was simply that: Business; the buying of a product, like two pounds of raw liver over a meat counter.

But Segundo shook his head. "Never heard tell of anyone ever getting to her," he declared. "She runs the operation. She's got a string of maybe a dozen girls and sets up their dates, but I guess she's making enough off the take that she don't have to work at it herself any more."

The bartender paused, scratching his chin thoughtfully. "Now that I think about it, I don't know that she ever has gone in for it herself. No one knows exactly where she came from, and she's been running her operation this same way ever since she's been known in town."

"How well do the cops know her?" Bonden wanted to know, some of the mystery returning; or maybe it was the alcohol. The bartender shook his head.

"Not as well as they'd like to. She runs a smooth operation. She's never even been picked up, and there's always a lawyer waiting at the station to bail out any of her girls that get tagged for It."

"But what about her?" Bonden urged. "I've never seen her name in any police news."

"And you won't either," the bartender agreed. "She's a bit of a mystery figure, if you want to call her that. No one knows where she came from and she's never been picked up!" He shrugged. "Maybe she's paying off the cops well enough that they leave her alone personally. Whatever it is, she's had no problems."

"But what's her price?" Bonden had to know.

"I told you, I've never heard of anyone getting to her." The bartender shrugged again, then turned to write something on a slip of paper. "That's the phone number to get yourself a girl," he said. "I don't know any more."

Bonden stared at the paper for a moment, digesting the number. The prefix was enough to assure him that the sensuous blonde was making money in the call girl racket. The area was strictly high rent.

"You forgot one thing," he pointed out to the bartender. "Her name."

"Lorelei. Lorelei Horn," Segundo told him, then moved off down the bar to wait on a pair of customers who had been impatiently tapping their glasses on the hardwood.

Bonden went to the phone booth and dialed the number, and a young,

eager-sounding voice answered; but it wasn't **that** eager. There was a sexy sullenness in the tone that spoke of money. It was one of the things she expected.

"I'm a friend of Lorelei's," he lied. "I'd like to get hold of her."

"She isnt here,' the girl replied with a lush, tantalizing whisper. "Maybe I can help you."

"No. I have to talk to her personally. No one else will do."

"She won't be in all evening," the voice replied. "You're certain there isn't something I can do for you?"

"Honey, if I'm going to pay the price, I want my goods off the top," Bonden declared ungraciously, the alcohol in his brain causing him to forget for the instant that he made claims at being a gentleman.

The girl's voice hardened. "How good a friend are you?" she demanded.

"Just tell her Archie Bonden called. I'm with the Wall Street firm of Bonden, Bonden and Breen, Invest-

ment Brokers."

"She wouldn't be interested," the voice said in the same sulky tone. "She handles all of her investments herself."

"That's not it," Archie chortled. "I'm the one who wants to invest. In her."

The girl was saying something else, when Archie hung up and went home.

Even with the drugging effects of alcohol, his sleep was troubled. He dreamed of a tall, enticing blonde goddess in a black negligee, who kept inviting him into darkened rooms, but once past the door, she always was standing in another darkened doorway across the room. The series of doorways seemed endless. When he awakened, it was nearly dawn and he was perspiring freely. Irritably, he wondered how many hours of the night he had spent in chasing the flitting image of the elusive madam.

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More important to himself, Bonden realized, the memory of her standing there, regal and aloof, before she had disappeared into the night from the club had not dissipated itself with his returning sobriety. In fact, the picture he recalled of her was even more vivid.

"Archie, my boy," he groaned to himself, sitting on the edge of the bed and shivering in his own sweat, "you're hooked. You'll never know a moment's peace until you've had that girl."

This was Archie Bonden's main trouble in life. Spoiled from childhood by his parents, he never was satisfied until he had attained the unattainable. It had started with him as a sport, but in later years, had become a driving whip that some called ambition. He alone knew it was not that; it was simply his own greed for the things he wanted to have.

And now, he realized dolefully, Lorelei Horn had become one of those things!

Once he had had her, he also knew, he no longer would care. She would be relegated to his half forgotten collection of personal triumphs, and he would look for another mountain—or woman—to climb.

There in the dim light of dawn, he reached for the telephone, intending to call the number that now was indelibly tattooed upon his memory, then decided against it. Even if she knew who Archie was, she would hardly be impressed at this hour.

The next morning, arriving at his office on Wall Street, Archie sat impatiently through a conference of his partners in the huge oak-paneled board-room, little caring what decisions were being made. His only interest was in obtaining the address of Lorelei Horn. He had tried to check it out before leaving the apartment that morning, but the operator had turned him down flat. Since it was an unlisted number, she had said, she was not permitted to offer any information—including the address.

His secretary now was out on the streets, Archie knew, offering a bribe to any telephone employee who might furnish the address. And Ann Jarrett, middle-aged and used to his ways, was good at this sort of thing. She

Cont'd on page 47

# BEAT

By GEORGE H. SMITH

She didn't feel anything. She had been so sure she would when Larry Bateman kissed her. So sure that it would be different from the others, that she would tingle and feel . . . well **something.** But it was the same as with all the others. She didn't feel anything.

Gently but firmly she pushed him away. "I'm sorry, Larry. I guess there's just something wrong with me." She was heartsick at the hurt that showed on his ruggedly handsome face.

"But, Susan, I thought . . . I mean, you seemed to like me."

"I thought I did . . . I mean, I do like you," she said turning to open the door of the Bunker Hill apartment in which she lived with her family. "But I think you'd better go now."

"Can I see you tomorrow night?" he asked reaching for her hand.

"No!" she snapped pushing his hand away. "I'm sorry, Larry, I didn't mean to snap but I really don't think we should see each other again."

"But Susan . . ."

"I'd better go on in. It's late and my father may be waiting up for me." There was a mingling of chill and heat in her body at the thought that her father might be standing behind the door listening to this but she fought it off. I'm twenty-three and I have a right to come and go as I please, she reasoned. He hasn't any right to . . . But would he be up?

She watched Larry walk dejectedly down the hall and then opened the door and went in.

"Do you know what time it is, young lady?" her father's deep, resonant voice came out of the darkness.

"I . . . it's about one-thirty, I think," she answered as a chill knot of fear settled in the pit of her stomach. The last time . . . but she wouldn't thing about the last time he had waited up and found that she had come home late with a man.

She peered through the semi-darkness of the room trying to make out his face but all she could see was his

# ME DADDY

tall, straight figure sitting in his chair by the gas heater that was the room's only light.

"I've been waiting for you," he said getting to his feet and pulling his robe more closely about his body. He really needs a new robe she was thinking, that one is getting shabby. "I've been waiting for you since eleven."

"I'm sorry, father, but you shouldn't have. After all, I'm a grown woman and . . ."

"I thought I had raised you better than this. I thought that I had raised a good, God-fearing girl."

"Father, I haven't done anything," she said hurriedly as he came toward her. "We just went to a movie and had something to eat afterwards."

"A movie and something to eat? Is that all? Is that all my properly raised daughter has been doing?" He was very close now and she could feel the warmth of his big body and smell that special smell of shaving lotion and pipe smoke she remembered so well from her childhood.

"Please, father, you haven't any right," she said. She would face him down this time. She was twenty-three years old and her salary helped support him. She made more than he did from his job as manager of the old apartment house in which they lived. He had no right.

"No right," His voice contained infinite sadness. "No right! This is what my daughter tells me when she comes in after . . . after whatever it was you were doing with that man."

"I wasn't doing anything with him . . . nothing bad that is."

"Nothing bad at one-thirty in the morning?"

"But father, I'm old enough now to have some freedom." This was better. She was facing him down. "I should be able to do as I please."

"As you please? Is that what you want to do?" His face was so sad and his voice was sad but very, very firm. "And just what do you please to do?" He was taking his belt off now.

"Father, you haven't any right . . ." she began. She would tell him what her boss had told her to tell him. Mr. Rogers was a lawyer and he had said that her father had no right to beat her and that she would have the law on him if he did.

His hand shot out and gripped her arm and suddenly she began to tremble. He was so big and he was so close to her here in the darkness that she couldn't tell him, not now. She was afraid to tell him.

The next morning as she walked down Olive Street to the upper terminal of Angels Flight at Third she was thinking about the night before and wondering what was going to happen to them. She should leave home, she knew, but somehow she couldn't bring herself to. As she walked past the little fountain in the plaza and placed her ticket in the glass coin-and-ticket box, she nodded to the motorman at the controls of the little car that was moving slowly up the hill toward them. She was thinking that soon all of this would be gone, Angels Flight and Bunker Hill, and with them she and her family. When the old section was torn down that would be her chance, she decided, then she would be able to win her freedom.

But how long, how much longer could she stand it, she was thinking as she took her place on one of the sixteen seats in the little car and it began its short, forty-five second run down the slope to Hill Street and downtown Los Angeles.

She knew that Alfred Rogers could tell what had happened the night before as soon as she entered the office where she was employed as a legal secretary. There was a bruise on her cheek and another on her arm. She was sorry that he should know that she hadn't been able to follow his advice because she admired her dignified, gray-haired lawyer boss more than she did anyone else in the world.

"Susan," he called as she sat down at her desk. "Will you come into my office for a few moments?"

She got up slowly and gathered up her shorthand notebook and pencils although she knew he had no idea of dictating.

"Susan," Rogers said gently his gray eyes filled with compassion. "I don't understand you."

She smiled weakly. "I'm just hard to understand, I guess."

"Why does an intelligent, sensible girl like you put up with this vicious bullying?" Sometime when Mr. Rogers talked to her like this, so serious and understanding, he reminded her of her father. He wasn't much younger and he was tall and well built also.

"It isn't that Father means to be vicious. He just desn't want me to get into any trouble. Mother has been an invalid since I was born and . . . father has had the raising of me. He's a very religious man and . . ."

"In America, Susan. every adult has the right to keep him or herself out of trouble. I know that you come from a strict and religious family but even if we concede that your father has the right to set your standards, we still can't admit that he has the right to beat you."

"I know it's not right," Susan broke into sobs, "and I meant to do what you told me last night . . . not let him . . . but he's so much stronger than I am."

Rogers came to stand beside her and patted her shoulder. "There's a way to get around that, you know."

"He thinks that . . . that I play around with men. And I don't, Mr. Rogers, really I don't. I've never even found a man that I liked that much. I know he just does it for my own good but it's so humiliating."

"Will you do something for me, Susan?"

"Ye-es. What is it?"

"I'm going to send someone around to your place to pick up your things and then I'm going to find you an apartment of your own."

"But, Mr. Rogers, I . . . they're going to tear the old buildings on Bunker Hill down soon and . . . well I thought that when we had to move that would be the time to make the break."

"Now, Susan, I pay you a good salary and I think it's high time a girl your age had a place of her own," Mr. Rogers said firmly. "Will you let me help you?"

"Yes, yes I will," she said yielding to the gentle firmness in his voice.

Susan liked the new apartment very much. It was located in the Silverlake district and had a good view overlooking much of the city. It was also large and sunny and she had been able to decorate it to her taste

for very little. But now that all the work was done she didn't quite know what to do with herself. She would make friends she knew but now she was rather lonesome sitting around in the evening by herself.

There was a knock at the door and she got up from the studio couch where she had been sitting with an unread book in her lap. She straightened her housecoat and opened the door expecting to find a neighbor or Mr. Rogers who had said that he might stop by. Instead she found her father standing there, his big hands clutching his umbrella.

"So this is where you've run to."

Susan took a step backward and then recovering herself said, "I haven't run anywhere. I've just moved."

"Moved? You mean some man has moved you. The neighbors told me about the man who came sneaking around behind my back." He walked into the room and looked contemptuously around.

"That was a boy from the office. Mr. Rogers sent him."

"Oh so Mr. Rogers sent him?" he said, his hands clenching and unclenching on the umbrella. She had never seen his face as red as it was now but his voice was calm, deceptively calm.

"I've come to punish you, Susan," he said.

"Father, stop it, you haven't any right," she said but he had already closed and locked the room. He went across the room to her dressing table and picked up a hair brush.

"Please, father!"

"Come here, Susan," he commanded standing by the studio couch. Slowly she moved toward him little shivers moving up and down her spine. Then he was reaching for her.

"No! No! Father, please!" she screamed as he forced her down on the couch, twisting one arm behind her and yanking her housecoat up.

"You've done evil, girl. You've committed fornications. You've got to be punished."

"I haven't, Father, I haven't," she moaned.

"For your own good you have to be punished," he said placing his knee on her wildly kicking legs to hold them still while he pulled down the black lace panties she wore.

"Ah, immoral, immoral. How can you wear such things?" His voice was weak with pain and sadness. Slowly he pulled the panties down off her legs and then with great deliberation he brought the brush down in sharp, stinging blows on the twin mounds of her buttocks. Pain exploded within her and she moaned and kicked.

"Stop it! Oh please don't, Father."

"I'm doing this for you, Susan," hi voice had a strange husky eagerness

"I'm doing this for you, Susan," his blows. "You've been evil with men and you've got to suffer. Do you want to go to Hell, girl, because you and some man have been coupled in sin?"

"I haven't, I haven't. I've never had anything to do with a man," she said but her sobs almost drowned out her words as blow after blow continued to fall on the already red and sore area.

"Are you going to get down on your knees and ask God to forgive you? Are you?" he demanded reversing the brush so that the bristles were out. He pushed it between her thighs and moved it viciously against the soft skin on the inside of her legs. He moved it back and forth and up and down from her knees to where her thighs spread outward to the fulness of her hips. She had almost quit crying now and just lay there, the only movement of her body a kind of spasmodic twisting and turning.

The man's breath was coming in choking gasps that almost matched hers and sweat was pouring from hi brow. When he finally stopped some of the strain had gone out of his face. As he leaned over her now it was almost relaxed, almost kindly.

"You'll pack up and come home tomorrow," he said releasing her and preparing to go.

"Please . . . please," she moaned as she lay there with her housecoat still up about her waist. "Don't . . . don't . . ."

"I'm quite through now, girl," he said gently.

"Don't . . ." Her body was still quivering and little moans still caught at her throat. "Don't go, Father . . . don't go."

But he was already striding out of the apartment with his umbrella once more clutched firmly and sedately in his hands.

When Alfred Rogers found her she was still lying as her father had left her.

"My God! Great God in Heaven!" he breathed as he looked down at the redness of her buttocks and at the raw flesh of her thighs. "How could he do it?"

"Oh, I'm glad you're here," Susan said sliding into his arms. "He left me . . . he left me."

"There, there, dear," Rogers said patting her shoulder. "I'm going to see that he never gets another chance to treat you this way."

"He left me . . ." the girl moaned pushing her young body closer to Rogers.

"Your father's a sexual psychopath, Susan. The authorities will see that he never bothers you again."

"Yes, yes, never again," Susan sobbed and brought her lips up to press against his. As he stiffened slightly she moved against him as she had seen women do in the movies. She used her body and her lips to excite him.

"Why . . . why Susan," Rogers murmured relaxing and returning her kisses.

"You love me, don't you? You . . . want me?"

"Yes, of course I do," Rogers said his hands beginning to move on her body.

"Take me then, please take me," she gasped. "I can't stand it any longer. Take me!"

Gently he pushed her down on the couch and then his body was close against hers.

"Take me, take me," she moaned. "I've waited so long. Oh, Father, take me and don't ever leave me."


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LILI ST. CYR Dept. RB-1

# ALL SEXY AND SPICE

Luscious Linda Lane Is Dressed As Something Left Over From A Party -- But Who Ever Found This Kind Of Leftovers?

# Titillating and Tahitian

## The South Seas Rush Is On... And Here's The Reason Why!

For decades, the French have attempted to keep Tahiti a land of mystery, discouraging private enterprise; deporting those who hopefully arrive broke but with the idea of becoming beachcombers. In short, the officials have purposely kept the natives in a backward state, dependent upon them and not allowing the people to know what is going on in the outside world.

Now, however, all that is changed; General DeGaulle has announced that Tahiti must own its own way and not simply be supported by the coffers of the homeland, France.

As a result, a tourist bureau has been set up, aimed at corraling American dollars, British pounds, and anything else that will spend nicely. French airlines have announced new flights to the Land of Island Enchantment; more steamship lines are adding the atoll to their schedules . . . and more men are headed for the South Seas!

Chances are that, before this tourist roundup is over (if ever), France will be back on the gold standard, but such lush tropical growths as tantalizing Malia Dupre will have a great deal more to do with it than any tourist bureau. She, indeed, is an attraction all her own, and is more than enough to cause a male rush for the ticket offices . . . without the clarion call of high-priced press agents telling aforementioned males about her.

Malia, born in Papeete, Tahiti's capitol city, of a French father and a Tahitian mother, combines the better attributes of both races.

She boasts the charm and grace of a Parissiene model and looks as good in a European gown as in her native lava lava. She speaks French, English and half a dozen Polynesian dialects . . . and until she is spoiled by the attentions of the sudden spurt of available males, all happy in her own particular chunk of Paradise.

But what happens when a girl like Malia Dupre finds there is more to the world than just the end of the Papeete Municipal Pier?

Perhaps the best answer to this would be to ask her.

She only shakes her head with a coy smile, speaking with a hint of Polynesian accent delicately flavored with French.

"I am happy here," she declares. "Why should I seek out the troubles of the rest of the world?"

Perhaps she is right; with the influx of foreign influences, it is more than possible that the troubles of the world soon will be seeking her!

But until it happens, she can continue to live in the manner to which she is accustomed.

Malia is a teacher in one of the local schools and appears before her class of Polynesians, French, Chinese and mingled races in the attire that would probably be acceptable on the streets of Paris, London or New York. In fact, but for the tilt of her eyes which gives her a slightly Oriental look, she might be a secretary, a fashion designer or an advertising executive on Fifth Avenue!

However, when her classes are done for the day, Malia Dupre loves nothing more than to return to the ways of her native ancestors, tossing aside the thin veil of civilization which she has affected during the day by simply donning a skirt, blouse and thonged sandals.

Instead, she slips into a sarong, the cleavage of her

ample breasts offering visible proof that here is a young lady who does NOT need some of the trappings of the civilization she has just deserted to make her attractive.

With her hair down, loosened from the bun which has almost given her a mid-Victorian look during the day before a blackboard, she tucks a flower behind her left ear in significance that she is single and available, then heads for the nearby lagoon.

With her long hair blowing in the breeze, then wetted by the sea water, Malia laughs and cavorts in the surf, diving for shellfish, acting much as the youngsters with whom she has been closeted in a crowded schoolroom only a little while before.

On weekends, this South Seas damsel may accept an invitation to go to one of the neighboring islands; sometimes, if her boyfriend for the day can boast of having a few francs, they might take the slow, but sturdy little interisland boat that carries fares and produce to other communities.

But if the young Tahitian of the day's choice has not been working, she may join him and others in an outrigger canoe, doing her share of work at the paddles. In Tahiti, where all of the natives have a love of the sea and say they are descended from the sharks that loaf in the warm waters, it is not considered unlady-like for a woman to help with the paddles; nor is it considered ungallant for her husband or friend to allow such exercise. It simply comes under the heading of fun.

As a result, Malia has the broad shoulders and strong hands of a hardy race, yet cannot be considered anything but feminine. Even if one writhes beneath her tight handgrip upon first meeting, he cannot ignore the deep velvet of her brown eyes, the golden glow of her skin which is lighter than that of most of the natives, probably due to her French heritage.

While the hair of many of the South Seas races is course and thick, this nymph's locks are silky and soft to the touch. Her face is a delicate mixture of French and Polynesian, offering a fineness of line that is unusual — even in Paradise!

While some Polynesian women tend to grow heavy in their middle twenties, Malia probably will retain her same trimness of figure, for she has the build of a nervous, highly spirited racehorse. Her waist is small, showing nothing of the rope-like muscles of her Tahitian sisters; her legs are long, tapered and slender. Her measurements of 38-21-36 have remained the same since she was fifteen years old . . . an age considered adult among the natives!

Many of Malia's friends are unable to understand her preoccupation with her work as a teacher; after all, this definitely is not the Polynesian way of life! Often her friends at the lagoon have been there all day, catching fish or simply swimming when she arrives. They chide her for her ways as a worker, wanting to know why she insists upon holding a job which is so demanding of her time, when she could be playing in the water with them.

Malia does not try to explain.

"Perhaps," she states with a touch of sadness, "it is the struggle between the French part of me and the Tahitian. The native tells me to be happy and play away my time like my friends.

"But something else tells me I must make the most of my years, gaining what learning I can while I am able. And I can think of no better way to learn than by teaching others."

And what of her future? What will this lovely island miss do with the education she is gaining?

She doesn't even know that. Again she shakes her head with that ghost of a smile.

"I will no doubt marry in time," she declares, although none of the island youths of her own age of twenty-one can be considered her particular favorite. "I will do what all of the others here do in time. Settle down and raise children."

Since Malia refuses to settle her affections upon any one man, here is a perfect chance for the young man of the world who would like to take home a souvenir of his travels. While this ivory-skinned Polynesian lass insists she has no desire to see the world, she does spend much of her time at the lagoon, standing waist deep in the lapping waters, looking dolefully toward the sea.

Perhaps, in spite of her claims of happiness, she is looking to the sea for a knight on a white seahorse to appear and spirit her away; it is possible, too, that the French strain has gained the upper hand and that she DOES long to leave the island and see what the rest of the world is doing.

It would undoubtedly take a psychiatrist to really find out what thoughts go on within the mind of this lush lovely and determine whether she is as happy as she would let on.

But she does look forward to the coming rush of tourists, talking gaily of the celebrations to welcome the ever increasing hordes ashore.

And it's possible that she will be standing at the end of the Papeete pier, waiting for the man who wants to take her away from the schoolroom.

Malia Dupre Is Half Native, Half French -- And Has The Better Attributes Of Both!

# "THE FIVE FACES OF SEX"

By

TOM McDONAH

SEX! The many-splendored force that can drive men to the heights of human ecstacy or drag them to the darkest abyss of destruction, is generated from that tantalyzing species of "homo-sapien" known as "woman". But women, as men know, aren't all the same. Most generally, these delightful creatures can be catagorized into the "five faces of sex"; Home; Sweet; Classy; Commercial and last, but not least, The Prostitute.

WHICH DO YOU PREFER?

* * * *

CLASS – A quality rare and desirable in a woman is sensuously exhibited by lovely June McCall. The sex appeal she radiates and her love making, too, are class. The negligee and martini type, she will taunt you with her tantalyzing body temptingly, but faintly, visible through black lace while her imported perfume intoxicates your senses. Between silken sheets she will show you that sex can be class.

* * * *

COMMERCIAL – Gorgeous, vivacious and desireable, she is a girl who commercializes on her voluptous body, exquisite beauty and magnetic sex appeal. Like platinum blonde Len Wilton, a professional burlesque queen, she knows the techniques of temptation and the age old art of sexual stimulation. Desired by thousands, lucky will be the man to possess her heavenly body and experience the pleasures of her "developed feminine talents."

* * * *

HOME – The "home body", as typified by jaunty Jody Nelson, is a girl whose sole purpose in life is to please you. Her undying love, soft, caressable body and sexual passions are dedicated to the complete pleasure and satisfaction of YOU . . . her man.

* * * *

All Photos Posed by Professional Models

THE PROSTITUTE — Skilled in the ways and methods of sexual love, every joy a man and woman can experience are yours . . . for a price. Unlike the wife or girl friend, the "pro's" bedtime talents and experienced, curvacious body is strictly your "plaything" (for a night, an hour or ten minutes, depending on your finances and her desirability). And all of her professional and womanly efforts are geared to achieve complete and delightful satisfaction for her customer.

SWEET — Usually the demure, modestly dressed and wholesome girl who lives next door or the girl you might meet at the neighborhood library. Interested in sports, literature and "dreams of her Sir Galahad", she has kept a lock on her emotional reservoir and biological treasures patiently waiting for the right man. But, if you are he, her eager, young, virginal body and pent up passions are yours for the taking.

CAUTION! Be gentle. You will be leading her to her first visit to sexual paradise, make it delightful and sweet, and together you will again make the joyous journey.

* * * *

had done it for him before. He had little doubt that she would come through.

As soon as the meeting was dismissed, he sprinted for his office, and found a note giving the Park Row address for which he had been waiting.

Instead of calling the number, Archie immediately called a florist and ordered a dozen black orchids sent to Miss Horn with his card. Nothing else. He also was an old hand at taking ladies — and those who were not ladies, he mused—by storm. Another number left him with the promise that a bottle of the most expensive of French perfumes would be delivered exactly one hour after the orchids.

And all the while, the lithe, desirable figure haunted him.

Promptly at four o'clock in the afternoon, he dialed the number and waited with sweating hands while it rang. Finally a voice answered; he recognized this as the same girl to whom he had talked the night before. When he told her his name, she sounded even more sulky.

"Yes, Miss Horn has received your gifts," she told him in reply to his troubled question.

"Well, I'd like to talk to her, if I might."

"I'll see if she's disposed," the girl said.

Disposed! Get her! Archie fretted as he waited for a voice to come back on the line.

"Yes." It seemed hours and the single word was completely noncommittal, but to Archie it was worth it. The voice was exactly as he had imagined it would be. Soft, promising, containing the hidden elements of sex.

"I will not beat about the bush, Miss Horn," he declared formally. "I saw you last night and have fallen madly in love with you." The forthright approach often worked wonders, he had found. "I would like to take you to dinner and tell you about it."

The voice laughed through the receiver in cruel amusement. "I'm sorry, Mister Bonden, but I operate a business. My evenings are quite busy."

"I know all about your business," Archie said with a note of practiced cruelty of his own, "but I'm certain the girl there can answer your phone, quote prices and make assignments."

There was an intake of breath from the other end and Archie felt a surge of satisfaction.

"What do you know about my business?" the soft, gentle voice asked, no sign of suspicion showing through.

"Only what I have heard, and I couldn't care less. I'm only interested in you," he told her. "The reasons must be obvious each time you look in a mirror. You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen."

There was a long note of silence, while Archie waited, wondering whether he had judged the woman wrongly. The hit-them-hard, then-soften-up routine usually did it.

"I'd be interested in meeting you, Mister Bonden," Lorelei Horn finally said. "I'll expect you at eight tonight."

She hung up before Bonden could reply and he sat back in the chair, completely spent physically and emotionally. His hand was shaking as he reached for a cigarette. But he would be fine by eight, he promised himself. It was just that he had wanted her so desperately, and she had seemed too distant, so unattainable. But didn't Archie Bonden always attain the unattainable?

He puffed smoke into his lungs and with it, came a feeling of self-satisfaction.

Bonden was his self-assured best, liberally fortified by twenty-year-old scotch, when he found the door to Miss Horn's apartment that evening. He waited impatiently as he punched the bell, was surprised to find her in a negligee, when it swung open. She smiled at his look of surprise and waved him in.

"I'm quite certain I know why you came here tonight, Archie," she said softly, "and I saw no sense in getting all dressed to go out. You did come here for me, didn't you?"

Archie choked, not knowing what to say, but she went on in a most business-like manner. "You'll be the first in a long time, you know. That should be worth something. A great deal, in fact."

He stood there in the dimly lighted room, hat in hand and finally got his breath back.

"What? . . . Wha" he stammered, realizing things were moving far too rapidly for him. After all, he had spent a great deal of time in building a plan for seduction. It seemed a waste not to be able to utilize it.

"The price is one thousand dollars," the girl declared simply, eyeing him from innocent orbs.

For an instant, Archie was on the verge of retreating, but that thought fled when he looked at her. The long blonde hair hung loosely over her shoulders, stark against the black of the negligee. The rise of her bosom, while covered by black satin, held all of the promise of the ages since sex had been invented. Her stomach was flat and lean and the slow movement of her hips was the final touch that made him reach for his wallet.

Slowly, beginning to feel the scotch he had downed too rapidly, he counted out the money, handing it to the girl.

"Wait here," she said, then pointed to a bar in the corner. "Have a drink and I'll call you when I'm ready."

Fuzzily, wondering how he had been trapped into what was so plainly a business proposition, he made his way across the room and started to mix a drink, but was interrupted by the low call from the bedroom beyond. Leaving the glass, he threw his hat and coat across a divan and made for the door. The bad taste of having to pay had suddenly left him, and the vision of the girl's loveliness had replaced it.

A moment later, as he was removing his shirt, he glanced toward the dim form lying on the sheet and halted, gasping.

"No!" he protested gasping, eyes suddenly growing used to the poor light. "No!"

He started to turn, but the voice whiplashed at him. "Take off your clothes!"

He looked back to Lorelei Horn, who lay naked on the bed, a small gun in hand, a bitter smile across her lips.

"You paid for it," Lorelei declared. "Now take it."

"But you're a man!" Archie gasped in his misery.

Lucille going to the telephone, called Patricia. There was still no answer. Looking at her watch she called to David, "It's almost time for Douglas Crane the news commentator. I'll turn on the radio and see if he says anything about us."

"All right," David called from the bedroom.

Swiftly, Lucille turned on the radio and soon the melodious voice of Douglas Crane filled the room. At first he spoke of the labor strike, then came the shocking news that Patricia Lyons, wife of the famous author had committed suicide last night. She had left a letter stating that the reason for taking her life was that her lover David Curtis had thrown her over to wed her close friend, Lucille Richards, the movie star. Patricia had been about to divorce Mr. Lyons, to marry Mr. Curtis when informed by him of his change of plans. Richard Lyons was in a state of shock and could not be reached for a statement. Miss Richards and Mr. Curtis were married today and are believed to be on a honeymoon. It is doubtful if they have learned of the tragedy as the news was only released a few minutes ago. He then continued news about the situation in Cuba. But Lucille, just stood staring at the radio without hearing a word. Slowly she turned and saw David, his face chalk white, standing in back of her.

"I don't believe it," he gulped.

"Why didn't you tell me about Patricia? You're contemptible!" Lucille exclaimed, then quickly went to the door and left.

David started to go after her but changed his mind and instead poured himself a stiff drink. His glance fell on the telegram on the desk.

"Probably a farewell message from Patricia," he thought bitterly as he picked it up and opened it. Upon reading it he had another shock as the telegram said, "That due to the events of last evening the firm of Lain, Lance and Long were canceling his contract as vice president with the firm. Signed T. G. Lain, President."

In anger David crushed the telegram and threw it on the floor. Four years he had worked and schemed to get somewhere, now because of a love sick woman committing suicide he was ruined. The radio blasted out a popular tune. Frantic he grabbed the radio and smashed it on the floor. Then he started to sob saying, "Patricia, why did you do this to me," over and over again.

you just going to write a report?"

"There'll be a bonus in this one," he smirked. He went through his steps aloud. "I'll wait until the lights go off. I wait a little longer. Then bam! I bust in and take a little picture." He paused a moment. "Flagrant delicto," he murmured, "the goods."

"Time for me to cut out," I said heading for the door. "Don't want to get mixed-up in this from here on in."

I looked back. He didn't seem to hear me. He was fiddling with the camera. "The goods," he said to himself.

I left.

About an hour and a half later a man came rushing up to me excitedly. "Better get up to row seven," he panted, "helluva fight going on."

I dog-trotted all the way. There was a crowd gathered around in front of 718. "All right, break it up. Let me through," I said in my most offficial tone. "Break it up. Let's go about your own business now. Get moving!" Reluctantly the crowd broke up and moved away. Only a few curiousity seekers remained and I flushed them off finally.

Inside the cabin a dazed and battered Jules sat propped against the wall, his shattered camera beside him. A burly young man wearing nothing more than a bath towel stood menacingly over him.

"Don't budge an inch, you little rat," he snarled. Turning to me he shouted, "Call the cops. I want this lunatic locked up."

Jules was looking dazedly toward the bed and shaking his head slowly. "I don't know what went wrong. I don't know what happened," he said through the split lip and bloody nose.

"Don't know what happened, you little creep!" the man yelled. "You damned-well know what happened," he said menacing Jules again.

Jules cringed and then looked in disbelief toward the bed again. The girl sat propped in the bed with the sheets pulled around her. She was a cute little brunette with a frightened look in her face. But she wasn't Nancy Cone. Jules shook his battered head in uncomprehending despair.

"Listen," I said turning toward the angry man again, "just what did happen?"

He calmed down a little and sat in a chair. "Well," he began, "we were just married today. We decided to come here for our honeymoon. Took the late plane over. Checked in." He paused. "Then," he continued, "I go out to get something for us to drink. Then I come back. We have a few drinks." He paused again and the anger mounted in him. "And then," he yelled, "the first time alone together and in pops this screwball with a camera."

I calmed him down then said looking at Jules, "Is what he said true?"

Jules nodded and then almost in a whisper he addressed the man: "But I thought that, she, you know, that she was in here," he said.

"Me, too," I mumbled to him.

"Well, I don't care who you thought was in here," the man said. "I want the cops."

And so it was that I was forced to call in the Camelot Police Department. They took Jules and the young man away. Only the young man returned.

Jules must have told the whole story, but the city police being not too partial to bungling key-hole bandits had the young man sign a formal complaint. Jules spent that night in jail.

At this point I think I had better clarify the mixup. It's really quite simple. When Jules was having dinner at the snackbar, the young couple checked-in. Nancy Cone, having already at the managements

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request agreed to switch cabins, did so just before they arrived. I helped carry her luggage down to her cabin on the fifth row. The young man after seeing his wife to the cabin went out for some liquor to celebrate. At about this time Jules came back. Shortly after this the young man returned, and Jules, not being filled-in on the change assumed that the young man was being admitted to the cabin by Nancy Cone.

My betraying Jules trust may seem rather a dirty trick, but then Jules position wasn't exactly a clean one.

The next day Jules paid bail and returned to the Cabanas to pick up his belongings. He asked me suspiciously if I knew what happened. I told him that for a few moments I was called away, and that it must have been at that time that a change in cabins was made. I told him that I had checked the register later and found out about the switch. I apologized. He nodded.

"Well," he said picking up his bags, "guess we can all make mistakes, right?"

"Right!" I answered.

Jules left on the afternoon steamer. The police waved goodbye to him from the pier.

It seems that Jules report on Nancy Cone will be a clean bill of health. End of case.

It's late at night now and I'm in an easy chair in my apartment listening to some soft jazz on the phonograph. I've just come back from a midnight swim and the scotch I'm drinking feels warm as it slips down inside me. My gaze settles on an almost perfect star-shaped mole.

"Darling?" the voice of the body surrounding the almost perfect star-shaped mole says. She's drying herself after the swim.

"Yeah?" I answered.

"It's been such a long time, a whole week," she purrs.

"Hasn't it?" I say.

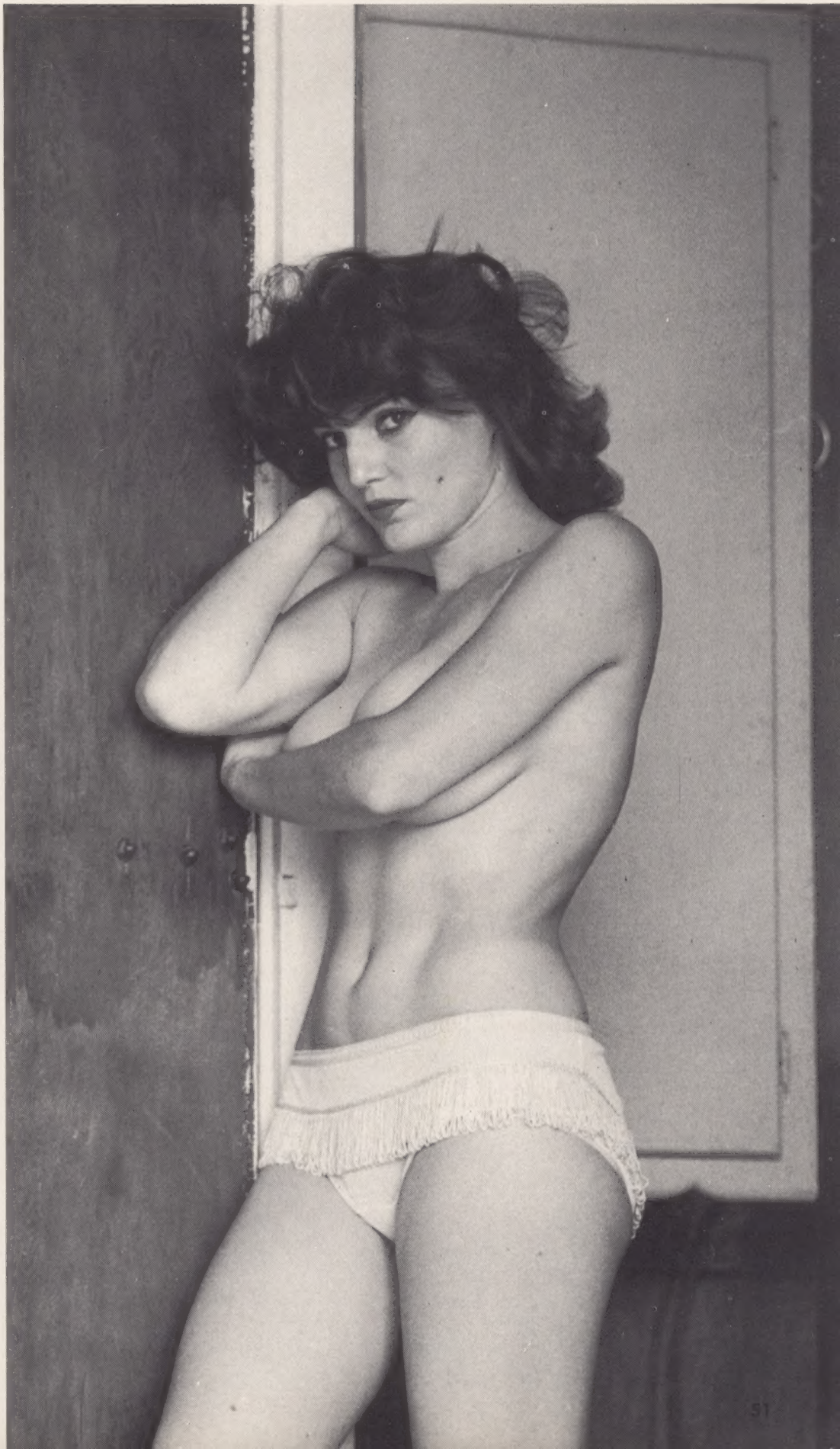
"It isn't any fun being good," she says. "Are you glad to see me?"

I look at her. Believe me I'm glad to see her! I'm trying to play it cool but I'm afraid I'm staring at her like a gulping redfaced idiot.

"Well?" she asks.

"Right!" I answer.

# NEXT ISSUE



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